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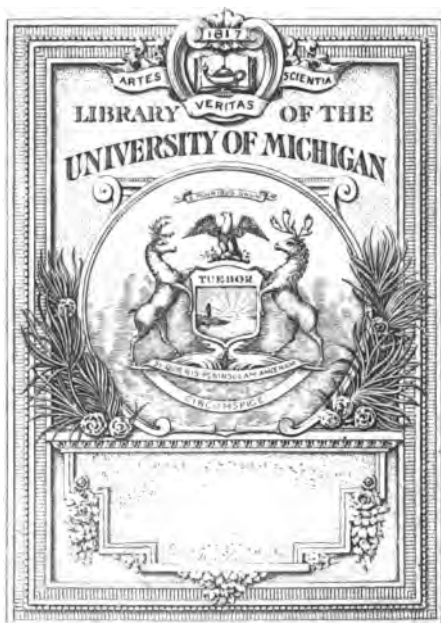
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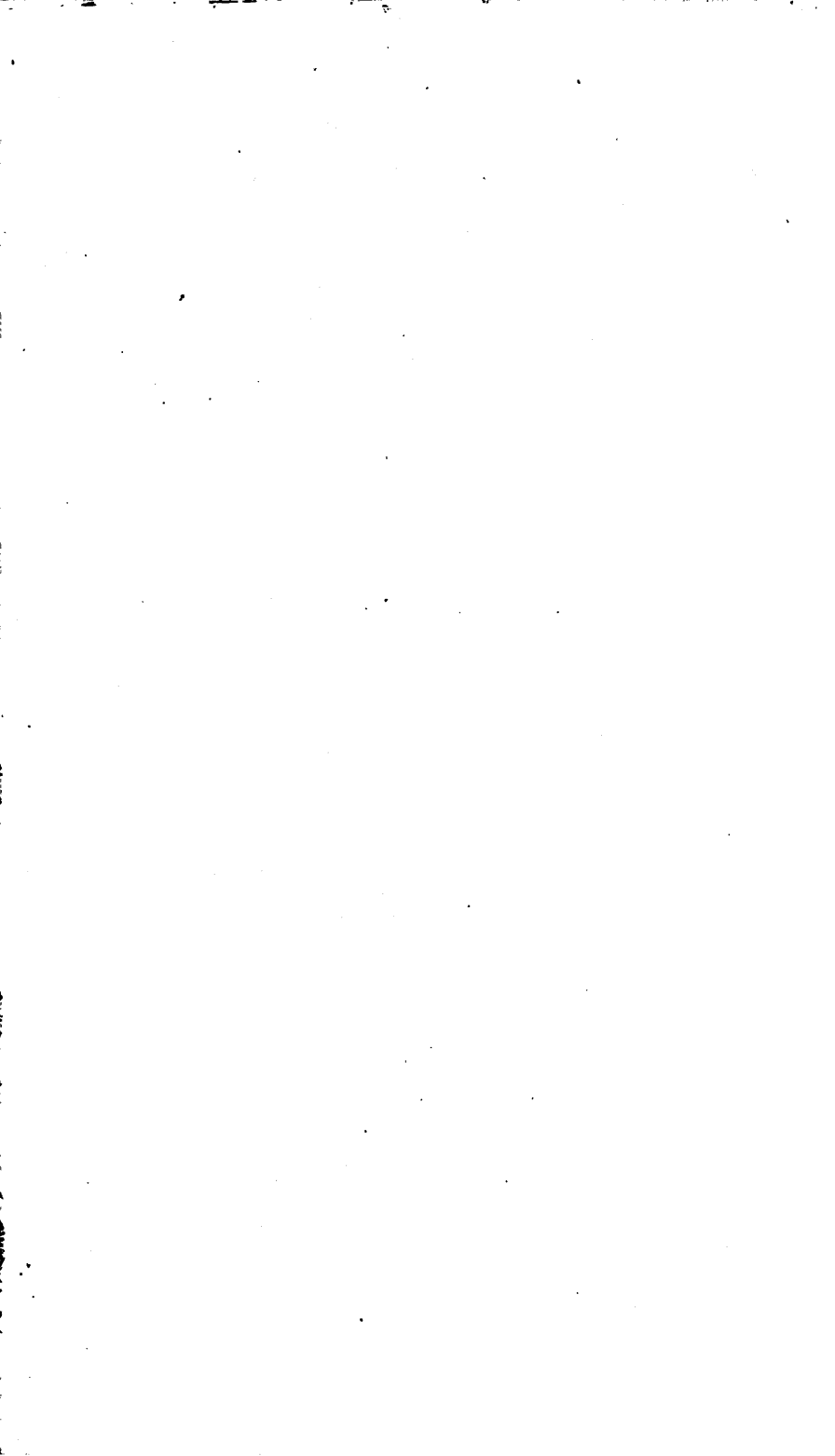
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864 in

with great Regards;  
From the author

THE  
INVINCIBLE ISLAND;

A  
POEM:

WITH  
INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS

ON  
THE PRESENT WAR.

---

BY  
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

---

The DOUGLAS, and the HOTSPUR, BOTH together,  
Are confident against THE WORLD in arms. SHAKESPEARE.



London:

PRINTED FOR W. CLARKE, NO. 38, NEW BOND-STREET; AND SOLD BY  
F. AND C. RIVINGTON, NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1797.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the merit of the following Poem the Reader must judge. But I should suppose that every discerning reader will have no doubt that it was written with an ardent sincerity; that it flowed from the heart;—

Warm from the soul, and faithful to it's fires.

I wrote it, likewise, from the calm, and deliberate principle of duty. There was a time, when poetry, from various reasons, was of more importance than it is, at present, in ENGLAND. There are, however, many, very many cultivated, and elegant minds, in this country; and in *such* minds, true poetry will always make a warm, and deep impression. I think it the  
peculiar

peculiar duty of all his Majesty's liege and good subjects, to contribute, with their best ability, to the success of the common cause, at *this* juncture; when the very existence of our constitution, and of our state, is insolently, and impiously threatened, by an abandoned, and ferocious enemy.

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N. B. Since this Poem was written, Mr. Fox has again exerted his talents in the House of Commons. I have not thought it necessary to make any alterations on that account: I am sorry to find that the late tendency of his eloquence has not superseded my ardent wishes, and respectful appeal to his best sentiments.

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## INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

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**T**HE arbitrary, and violent rulers of the FRENCH nation have always been intent on general invasion, and tyranny. To this object they have been invariably attached ever since the abolition of their old monarchy; and in the prosecution of it they have been invariably consistent. Their decree of the 19th of November 1792, contained a formal declaration, *to extend universally their new principles of government; and to encourage revolt in all countries; even in those which were neutral.* In the decree of December the 15th, of the same year, they completely avowed their intentions: they declared that *the FRENCH nation would treat as enemies the people, who, refusing, or renouncing liberty, and equality, should be desirous of preserving their Prince, and privileged casts; or of entering into an accommodation with them.* As these decrees directly, and rudely violated the law of nations; as they were totally in-

compatible with the elements of that policy which teaches one state properly to respect another; they declared, in fact, that the FRENCH nation had determined to be the tyrants of EUROPE. In these declarations, indeed, the folly of the FRENCH rulers (a folly very natural to upstart, and ignorant power) was equal to it's insolence: and in consequence of these declarations, if all the other states of EUROPE had been wise; if they had been more influenced by common sense than by inferiour passions, and pursuits; and by an unfortunate negligence; they would immediately have declared war against FRANCE. Their actions very soon fulfilled their threats, as they related to *us*, and to our *neighbours*: they robbed the Emperour, and the King of SARDINIA, of their lawful territories; and they invaded our allies, whom afterwards they subjugated. These insolent decrees were published; and these hostilities were committed, before the commencement of the war between GREAT BRITAIN, and FRANCE.

All this atrocious conduct the ENGLISH government bore with unexampled patience, and moderation; which we might be inclined severely to charge with imprudence; if they had not been preserved, from the most amiable motives; to spare the effusion  
of

of human blood; and the other unavoidable, and complicated evils of war. While they proceeded in this manner, they received not from *us*, one real provocation; one just cause of a proclaimed, and decisive resentment; as is evident even in the defence of their minute, industrious, and popular \* advocate. Indeed we had taken a very serious, and well-grounded alarm: we were calling forth the spirit, and the vigour of our country; we were preparing for the national defence; when a torrent of anarchy, and rapacity, menaced the inundation of the world. Our necessary preparations, however, after all *their* impudent encroachments, they made a pretext for doing what they *would* have done, at all events: they declared war against GREAT BRITAIN, and HOLLAND. Thus the war was, on *our* part, avoided, with the utmost care; and thus, on *our* part, it became unavoidable.

To show, by another instance, the fixed, and licentious views of these robbers, it will be proper here to refer to a letter of MONGE, their secretary of the marine department; when his masters had the modesty to insist that we should put a stop to the augmentation of our navy. In that letter he an-

\* MR. ERSKINE.

nounced *the intentions of FRANCE to fly to the aid of the ENGLISH republicans; to plant in our island the tree of liberty; and to destroy the tyranny of the BRITISH government.*

These facts are well known; and they have been more ably urged than *I* can pretend to enforce them; but the present crisis demands that they should be brought again to universal recollection; and kept in warm, and useful remembrance. No government ever showed a stronger disposition to peace than has been evinced by *ours*; before hostilities began, and during their progress: no government was ever driven to war by a more over-ruling, and imperious necessity. Mr. ERSKINE himself explicitly reprobates the prominent features of FRENCH deformity: he acknowledges that we might justly have made the decrees which I have quoted, *the instant foundations of war.* It is impossible for *me* not to think that this very acknowledgement gives a mortal stab to all his charges against the minister, on the subject of the war. Indeed, I would not wish for a more clear, and satisfactory vindication of Mr. PITT's conduct, as a minister, than this gentleman's "View of the Causes, and Consequences of the present War;"—if it is read by an unprejudiced and penetrating mind. When a pamphlet,

pamphlet, written by a man of eminent talents, who is warmly attached to his cause; and who has easy access to all useful, and important information, is far from effecting it's aim; if all the topicks, and arguments that he can possibly muster, of defence, on the one side, and of accusation, on the other, are sophistical, or weak; the fair deduction from them, collectively taken, almost amounts to an absolute acquittal of the person who is accused. Let me produce a short specimen of his doctrines: *We should have observed a prudent, and armed neutrality.*—In another place;—*we should have observed a soothing neutrality.*—*We should have interfered with Austria;*—to prevent her from repelling FRENCH invasion:—and *we should have protected the FRENCH republick.* All this timorous, undecided, pernicious caution we should have practised; all this irregular; unprecedented, and desperate conduct we should have pursued; in favour of an old, inveterate, and perfidious enemy; who was now grown to a many-headed hydra, that threatened the destruction of EUROPE. He professes a great, and tender regard for religion; and he is a zealous, and indefatigable advocate for those men who are at war, not only with all religion; but with all morality; both in their theory, and in their lives.

It is much to be regretted that this gentleman, when he took the field of the statesman, should have so far descended to the patron of a bad cause, or even to the most credulous reader of a newspaper, as to urge against our administration the false professions, and explanations of LE BRUN, and CHAUVELIN, when they were charged with their imperious and iniquitous decrees; and with their unprovoked invasion of the territories of their neighbours. Need I remind Mr. ERSKINE, that it is perfectly agreeable to the habits of more decent diplomatical persons than those of republican FRANCE, to be prepared, at any juncture, to tell a varnished, and empty tale; to gain time to mature their schemes of perfidy, and ambition? Unrepealed decrees; and the retention of invaded domains, gave a direct lie to their equitable professions, and specious explanations: and I cannot believe that Mr. ERSKINE *seriously* thought them worthy of the least regard.

If he wrote the pamphlet which hath spread so far, and wide, from his *real* conviction of the general rectitude, and greatness of the FRENCH conduct; on which he has bestowed the most lavish, and preposterous encomiums; if he is conscious that no particle of envy, and dislike of superiour power, and supe-



superiour talents, blended itself with his better sentiments while he wrote it (and I hope that he feels this consciousness) if his mind was thus actuated, and thus pure, while it was employed on his late production; I should be equally ungenerous, and absurd, if I meant to depreciate his learning; his eloquence; and his fame, as a barrister: but I must take the honest liberty to observe that he hath shown himself by no means an adept in political \* knowledge.

As the pamphlet to which I allude was written by a mind which was naturally ardent, and sufficiently heated; I was likewise surprized at it's weakness, as a composition. When I view it on the whole, it prompts me to make some remarks which may be particularly useful in these times; when the boldest, and most destructive principles are industriously, and artfully propagated. Not even the great abilities of an authour, nor the excellence of his cause, will always, of themselves, produce the circulation, and popularity of his book. His particular station in the com-

\* I shall ever bear a grateful, and respectful remembrance of Mr. ERSKINE's polite attention to *me*, in two or three instances; therefore by the great importance of my subject, I am *painfully* obliged to animadvert on what he has written.

munity;

minity; the propitious gale with which fortune has blown him along, in life; and some prevailing error, or epidemical infatuation, will more powerfully promote his literary success. The majority of the publick are echoes of opinion; for they are superficial in thought. They sit down to read; hastily anticipating their own approbation, or dislike of the performance: their little instinctive perceptions flow in unison with a merely flowing style: but when they come to the authour's blaze of GALLICK oratory; to his *rights of man*; to his *liberty, and equality*; to his *patriotick valour*; and *glorious achievements*; the intellectual spell is then compleated; and it usurps the citadel which nature meant for the seat of understanding.

We shall likewise be prepared to avoid perplexity, and to form a right judgement on various objects, if we properly consider the novelty of the causes, and consequences of the FRENCH Revolution; a novelty, not only to the time, and quarter of the world, in which *we* live; but through all countries, and all ages. This novelty consists of such a diversity, and complication of motives, actions, and events; that they give a wide, and curious play to designing, and ingenious sophistry; and enable it the more effectually

tually to mislead honest, and good minds, of common cultivation, and abilities, by it's artifice, and imposition. This almost infinitely ramified, and complex novelty ought likewise to temper our judgement of the conduct of those to whom the supreme power of the state is entrusted; a power, even in the most tranquil, and serene times, of arduous exercise, and beneficence; if we deserve the name of men; if we are properly conscious of our own infirmity, and fallibility; and of the infirmity, and fallibility of human nature. We ought to give the most lenient construction to any error which a great minister may commit; and the warmest tribute of esteem, and praise, to his provident, and indefatigable application; and to his more splendid, and glorious exertions.

If all the causes, natural, and elaborate, which I have mentioned, had not co-operated to confound the simple distinctions of right, and wrong; a page or two might have perspicuously established the necessity of our present war with FRANCE.

I have proved, by an induction of facts, that before the commencement of the war, the rulers of that country treated us, in their threatening, and domi-

neering language, with an ostentatious insolence; not less domineering, and iniquitous than that which they now exhibit. But their views were not confined to *our* island: they declared themselves the arbiters of mankind; the future masters of the world. They were certainly destitute of the only title to universal empire which the ROMANS could alledge; and which is, of itself, a very insufficient, a very groundless title;—Dignity of character, and conduct. Their actions have corresponded with their threats; before the war, they invaded our allies; an outrage on the law of nations, which has always amounted to a declaration of war, till the late revolution of ideas as well as of established institutions; till those doctrines were industriously diffused, which are evidently calculated to subvert all salutary political, and moral truth. But their inroads, like their menaces, were not limited to our allies; they have seized the territories of other states, without the shadow of an equitable claim: some they have subjugated by the dread of a lawless, and desolating power; and these victims to the most humiliating of all tyrannies, with an effrontery peculiar to themselves, they have termed their allies; the insolent mockery of servitude; and the inimitably transparent veil of oppression,

By the depredations, and enormously extended dominions of these robbers, the balance of power in EUROPE hath received a terrible concussion: by repelling their unbounded spirit of usurpation; by confining them within their own limits, it can only be restored. At present, we cannot hope to realize the latter object; but let our utmost exertions be directed to favour it's completion. Indeed this momentous balance hath been, as it were, the axis on which the plans, and memorials of the wisest, and most venerable statesmen have always moved: it's importance is so striking that it must be clearly seen by common sense, and observation.

It has been demonstrated to EUROPE that their late farce of negotiation was a composition of unexampled perfidy, and insult. When we consider the negotiation in it's whole extent, it is one of the many proofs that *their* cabinet is treacherous, and unfeeling; and that *ours* is honest, and humane. If we had assented to their exorbitant, and monstrous preliminary condition; in the moment of our assent, we should have acknowledged ourselves what we really must have been;—THE SLAVES OF FRANCE.

These numerous, and insatiable banditti; who are under no controul of conscience; of law; or of religion; have, now, publickly, and repeatedly declared (what, indeed, made the substance of two of their decreets, five years ago) that they are determined to invade, and conquer us; and like true ROMAN conquerours\*; like so many FABII, CATOS, and CINCINNATI; to give us mild, and salutary laws; to regenerate, with *their* pure spirit, *our* depraved hearts; and to infuse into them publick, and private virtue. In short, they have resolved (I am now faithfully translating their FRENCH bombast) to destroy our excellent constitution in church, and state; to dispose of our properties, at their own capricious will; and to substitute for *our* invaluable civil, and religious blessings, the profligacy, and the anarchy of FRANCE. They will not be able to effect what they threaten, unless we are fatally divided at home: but by such division, I trust that BRITAIN (when the existence of *our* country, in the *best* sense of the word, is the object

\* The ancient ROMANS were milder masters than their all-subduing modern successors; to the states which *they* had conquered, they continued the enjoyment of their own form of government, and of their laws, and privileges: they never interposed the ROMAN polity, or jurisprudence, but where either evidently promoted the publick good.

of the contest) will never fall. IF WE ARE UNITED,  
WE ARE INVINCIBLE.

From these unquestionable facts, which I have been careful justly to state, it surely must be evident to every dispassionate, and discerning judge, that we cannot, with a particle of reason, impute the calamities of this war to our great Minister (if ever a minister deserved the epithet) but to those unprincipled, and sanguinary men, who have obstinately refused our candid, generous, and repeated offers of peace; and whom we may, therefore, properly pronounce, the murderers of the human species; a nation of ROBESPIERRES. Ever since they broke loose from all political restraints, their conduct to GREAT BRITAIN has been founded on the maxim which has lately been proclaimed to the world by MONGE, their senator, and stone-cutter; that *the two states could not co-exist; and that the one must be subdued, and subjected by the other.* With people of such tenets; to which, with a long, and unrelenting implacability, they have adhered in practice, it was impossible to avoid a war. To us the war was necessary; to EUROPE it was friendly; for if we had not checked the FRENCH torrent of invasion, it would have spread more destructively over our division of the globe.

Surely, every ENGLISHMAN, who deserves that distinguishing appellation, in the annals of liberty ; when he has taken a proper view of all these objects ; will be more easily prepared to sacrifice his property, and his life, than to suffer the Directory of FRANCE to be his sovereigns, and dictators. If any subject of BRITAIN is, at *this* juncture, an advocate for these unparalleled usurpers ; if he will not co-operate with government, and with his utmost ability, to repel their insolence, and injustice ; *one*, of *three* reasons must be assigned for his indifference, or hostile disposition to the publick welfare. His intellect must be very weak ; or it must be extremely infected, and debilitated, with that FRENCH poison, which, in various vehicles, has been most industriously disseminated over the world ; or it must be intoxicated with an immoral, and inordinate ambition. From one, at least, of these causes, his misconduct must originate : if I could possibly discover any one more honourable, I would willingly produce it. My mind is, at present, too strongly actuated by objects of the most important magnitude, to descend to little prejudices, and passions. There are men who reject opinions which are very dear to *me*, whom I love, and esteem. 'Tis true, I have applied terms of the most explicit reprobation to the FRENCH enormities ;

not



not because they had over-heated my fancy; but because I was satisfied that those terms were just. When we communicate to the world truths of the greatest moment, we should not emasculate them with a false delicacy; with a vague, and indiscriminate politeness; we ought to convey those truths in words as commensurate as possible, with their ideas. At this hour of retirement, and thought, I know that I am deeply interested, and impressed, only with the love of my country; and with my abhorrence of all tyranny. And it is not in the nature of the sentiments which are excited by *these* principles, to take a partial and illiberal direction. We should all give our serious, and unprejudiced attention to make the present times, with a *better* meaning than that of a profligate, and contemptible scribbler,—THE AGE OF REASON.



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THE

INVINCIBLE ISLAND.

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**C**AN all the mind's fertility pourtray  
Man's pride, and madness, on some future day !  
FRANCE, governed long by absolute command ;  
Formed to convulse, but not to rule a land ;  
FRANCE, that hath left no path of crimes untrod ;  
Foe to all virtue ; even at war with God !  
Whom slaves, before, whom tyrants, now, we find ;  
(The natural progress of the human mind !)  
FRANCE, (have I lived these monstrous times to see !)  
FRANCE is to teach BRITANNIA to be free !

Island of bliss ! renowned for laurels won !  
 Accept this ardent service of thy son !  
 While at this awfully momentous time ;  
 Alike unparalleled in prose, and rhyme,  
 Others with civick wreaths crown every hour,  
 More blessed with wealth, or strengthened more with  
 power ;

Poets can only add a sprig of bay ;  
 Poets can only give their zealous lay !  
 Oh ! were my muse as warm as my desires ;  
 Were her flame equal to my patriot fires ;  
 Fine coruscations, darting from my page,  
 Haply might stimulate the generous rage  
 That glows in every BRITISH, free-born soul ;  
 While GALLIA threatens *her* insolent controul !

Jealous of Liberty's, of Glory's plan,  
 Must we be victims to those apes of man !  
 NEVER !—All ENGLISHMEN their SHAKESPEARE know ;  
 To bards 'tis given in prophecy to flow ;  
 SHAKESPEARE, the jest of every GALLICK fool ;  
 Echoes of FERNEY's superficial school ;

Who think all genius by their own surpassed;  
 Whose verse is rhyme; whose eloquence, bombast:—  
 ENGLAND her SHAKESPEARE knows; but what says  
 he?

Like brethren let our island but agree;  
 The dauntless Hotspur, and the DOUGLAS, joined,  
 In union of wealth; of heart; of mind;  
 Will win the god who drives the crimson car;  
 And wage against the *world* successful war.  
 Then by the gallant SCOTTISH ghosts I swear,  
 Blest with the fragrance of ELYSIAN air;  
 Who rushed impetuous on the patriot's doom;  
 Repelling from their land ambitious ROME!  
 Nay (for no obstinate, mean hate, I know,  
 To union summoned by the common foe)  
 I swear by those who fell at FLODDEN's field;  
 With hearts that knew to conquer, not to yield;—  
 And by our ENGLISH ghosts; the glorious dead;  
 Who at famed AGINCOURT, and CRESSY, bled;  
 If we obey the maxim of our fear;  
 A poet; prophet; politician, here;

Life's current still shall prove, in BRITISH blood,  
 Of valour an insuperable flood;  
 Still other MARLBOROUGHs; other WOLFES shall  
     rise;

To glad a nation's hearts; a nation's eyes;  
 Again their thunder, with just vengeance, hurled,  
 By land, shall crush the robbers of the world;  
 While HAWKES, and HOWES; and DUNCANS, on  
     the main,

Impurple NEPTUNE's realm with FRENCHMEN slain:  
 With murmur flits each melancholy ghost;  
 Cursing it's dreams of treading ENGLAND's coast.

But while my mind approves; admires; revere  
 The hand intrepid that our vessel steers;—  
 Not with FRENCH rant; with ENGLISH firmness  
     braves

Meteors of anarchy, and faction's waves;  
 While I revere each patron of the state;  
 Let me not class too low the poet's fate,  
 Poets give grace, and energy to mind;  
 And speed the noble passions of mankind,

PINDAR in THEBAN bosoms lighted flames,  
 To pant for glory at OLYMPIA's games;  
 And to deserve their country's beauteous dames. }

The bard, TYRTÆUS, with his patriot song,  
 Raised from despair the listening SPARTAN throng;  
 Taught their chilled hearts with ancient heat to glow;  
 And drove their arms, in thunder, on the foe.

For his first pleasure of nocturnal hours,  
 Young AMMON, blest with ardent mental powers,  
 Close to his conquering sword the ILIAD laid,  
 Invoking HOMER's venerable shade:  
 The god-like strain he read with sleepless eyes;  
 And fired his soul with verse, to great emprise.

Oh! then, might DRYDEN's muse my numbers fire;  
 His easy force; his eloquence inspire;  
 Give all his fervour to my vigorous line;  
 "His long, majestick march, and energy divine\*;"  
 Which multiplied BRITANNIA's naval balls;  
 And drove them home, through HOLLAND's oaken  
 walls;

Or would our BURKE's more cultivated muse;  
 Whose graceful robe floats with celestial hues;  
 Tune in my ravished ears his golden strain,  
 That urged our cannon on the pride of SPAIN;  
 By powers poetick I might, then, regain  
 A loyal phalanx from Sedition's train;  
 Those powers would clear their intellectual fight  
 From democrattick fogs of Stygian night:—  
 Yes; loyal to the code of publick sway,  
 Praised in the sage's prose; the poet's lay;  
 That equal code which MONTESQUIEU admires;  
 Which warms HELVETIUS with the purest fires.  
 Blest pair! while two such FRENCHMEN plead our  
 cause,

How ENGLAND feels her salutary laws;  
 Your country's glory, while she valued fame;  
 Now, in her SCYTHIAN state, your country's shame!

Would but one spirit of the mighty dead  
 His heat benign on his admirer shed;  
 Would BURKE, who gave us poetry in prose,  
 While strength of argument collateral flows;

With



With great suggestions fill my poorer breast;  
 'Twould then, with glorious agitation blest,  
 Congenial sense, and imagery produce,  
 Of private rapture, and of publick use.—  
 Transfuse *his* fervid æther to my line;  
 The coyness I could bear of all the Nine.  
 Oh! come; to man disposed for ever well;  
 People with PLATO's forms my lonely cell;  
 Those forms, in eloquence by thee conveyed;  
 In thy mellifluous style, celestial shade!  
 A splendid world of poetry would show;  
 And with more musick teach my verse to flow;  
 Come, then; to letters warmly still inclined;  
 Enrich my fancy, and inform my mind!

When freed from low pursuits, our minds attend;  
 Each moral poet is his country's friend:  
 'Tis true, the precepts glide; they *softly* steal,  
 But *surely*, to the mass of publick weal.  
 The favourites of the muse, with fine controul,  
 With force delightful, draw the captive soul;

Suffuse all moral truth with charming grace ;  
 And push the virtues of the human race ;  
 Their own they push ; intent on high renown,  
 They feel not, while the Nine their temples crown,  
 Envy's mean arts, nor Pride's presumptuous frown. }

Would Heaven's omnipotence on *me* bestow  
 Those powers which in poetick story flow ;  
 Which fiery souls could with it's magick tame ;  
 And change the passions of the human frame ;  
 Then should my country soon possess, combined,  
 All her dread force of matter, and of mind :  
 To matter, powerless to destroy, or save ;  
 " The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave \* ;"  
 All act ; all energy, by mind is given ;  
 That emanation from the throne of heaven !  
 Our earth were dead ; our sun ; our days ; our years ;  
 Unless a God for ever wheeled the spheres ;  
 Then let two god-like minds no longer jar :  
 But drive, in harmony, the storm of war !

\* MILTON.

When

When Eloquence's bright, resistless flood,  
 Shall roll, united, for your country's good ;  
 When she shall hear you plead her urgent cause,  
 With ardent concord, of endangered laws ;  
 Of property ; of life ; of all that's dear ;  
 Of all that moves the smile ; or draws the tear ;  
 The force electric shall pervade our isle ;  
 The queen of nations shall resume her smile :—  
 Hear !—by the miser's vote the war supplied ;  
 See ! cowards pant to die as BURGESS died !  
 Who can each powerful stimulus withstand ;  
 When *Robbers* threaten ; and when you command ?  
 Well pleased, though prostrate, falls poetick pride ;  
 By Oratory's pathos far outvied :—  
 But let my verse with stronger interest flow ;—  
 By *your* exertions prostrate falls the foe !

Of all the talents that from heaven we share,  
 We find the first-rate orator's most rare.  
 In ancient times, two commonwealths were blest,  
 Each, with one genius, of these powers possessed ;

The first, in ATHENS, lengthened Freedom's date ;  
 Her drooping life, in a degenerate state ;  
 The next (great victim to a tyrant's doom !)  
 Repelled destruction from majestick ROME !—  
 Two first-rate orators in BRITAIN live ;  
 (Such glories can *her* constitution give !)—  
 If, then, in former governments, *one* sage,  
 By HERMES fired, could vanquish hostile rage ;  
 Sure, two such patriots may preserve our own ;  
 Secure our senate, and protect our throne.

Thou orator ! whose praise would speed my muse ;  
 Her numbers polish, and expand her views ;  
 Whose social character I love ; whose fire,  
 Pregnant with splendid genius, I admire ;  
 Forgive the liberal poet, who presumes  
 (His muse, with awe, contracts her burnished plumes)  
 On ground political to move with thee ;  
 But this great crisis bids us all be free.  
 Would Fox for a wild horde of *Tartars* plead ;  
 Who still for freedom is prepared to bleed ?

All masks those savages have thrown away ;  
 Have now announced themselves in open day.  
 Peace they despise ; their trade is to annoy ;  
 Deceit, and insult, are a FRENCHMAN'S joy !  
 To an old proverb *Punic faith* gave birth ;  
*French faith* be now the proverb, o'er the earth :  
 'Tis true, that faith was of notorious fame,  
 When all it's realms adored a monarch's name ;  
 But then their court *politely* broke it's word ;  
 Like gentlemen, whose honour is their sword :  
 But now the low mechanicks of the land ;  
 Those chieftains, " of exceeding good command\* ;"  
 Unmoved with shame, advance the grossest lie ;  
 Callous to refutation's calm reply ;  
 Or with some bold affront it's force defy :  
 Assume their kindred rabble's brutal airs ;  
 And almost kick ambassadours down stairs.  
 Oh ! cruel task, by Providence assigned,  
 To try a learned, polished, candid mind ;

\* An expression of SHAKESPEARE.

That mind oppos'd by artificial spheres,  
 To ignorance, and insolence ;—its peers !  
 May MALMESBURY deign attention to my lays ;  
 And from no venal pen accept his praise !  
 Let from the scholar's mind a tribute flow ;  
 And as a BRITON take the thanks I owe.  
 Oft with thy \* father my enamoured youth  
 Wooed, in his groves ATHENIAN, beauteous Truth :  
 And as his comment on my spirit wrought,  
 The STAGYRITE more clearly met my thought ;  
 The more I loved what god-like PLATO taught. }  
 While thus I reasoned with the good, and wise,  
 PHŒBUS, in June, too early left the skies !  
 The son is worthy to succeed the fire ;  
 Thine is his virtue ; thine his ATTIC fire :  
 Born to contrast thyself, in wayward times,  
 With dire abettors of all human crimes ;

\* In this passage I allude to the works of the late celebrated  
 JAMES HARRIS, Esq. of Salisbury ; which I studied with great  
 pleasure ; and which are highly, and equally distinguished by their  
 learning ; their elegance ; and their zeal for virtue.

Born, as a BRITISH delegate, to show  
 How far ingenuous dignity can go;  
 While by the FRENCH transactions was expressed  
 What baseness can pollute the human breast.

These are the pygmies, who, all-good, all-wise,  
 In their vain fancy, to old ROMANS rise;  
 These are the generous fathers of mankind,  
 Who promise that by some propitious wind,  
 Their Heaven-sent fleets our coasts, ere long, shall  
 see;—

—They land; they conquer; and they make us free!  
 Who would not laugh, this impious boast to hear;  
 Did not it's *impious* nonsense wound our ear?  
 Say, since your monarch's death, ye vaunting elves,  
 What liberty have you enjoyed, yourselves?  
 Now, nine long years in acting madly wrong  
 (Various, and dire events have made them long!)  
 You've passed: thus, from your revolution's date,  
 Crimes heaped on crimes have driven your headlong  
 fate.

Those

Those years what deeds of genuine glory grace?  
 Bombast, and blood, and rapine fill the space!  
 Eager, abroad, your neighbour's rights to seize;  
 At home, to trample on your own decrees;  
 Confusion on confusion you have hurled;  
 The PANDÆMONIUM of our upper world!

Not polity's mere elements *you* know;  
 Of order ignorant; to it's bliss a foe!  
 Tell me:—with intellectual vision strong;  
 While a blind chaos whirls your state so long;—  
 Tell me; with tranquil study have *you* seen,  
 What LOCKE, what MONTESQUIEU, what SYDNEY  
 mean?

Have *you* the paths to the best science trod;  
 By which a man participates his God?  
 Have you implored that God to dart a beam,  
 To light you through the complicated theme?  
 That mighty theme, whose blessings, as they flow,  
 Cheer, and exalt our being here below;  
 The theme that spreads fair plenty o'er a land;  
 While just obedience bows to just command;

That



That cheers the husband's labour; charms the wife;  
 And throws ELYSIUM round connubial life;  
 That, brought to action, fires all minds; all hearts;  
 Stirs all great passions; urges all fine arts;  
 To love of country, and to glory, wakes  
 The souls of DUNCANS, as the souls of DRAKES;  
 Excites the bard to energetick lays;  
 His dearest recompence, that country's praise:  
 Brings matchless orators to splendid day;  
 Gives PITT's, and Fox's genius, all their play!  
 That theme; that constitution, at this hour,  
 (Blest influence of her large, pervading power!)  
 That theme; that constitution now invites,  
 Intreats her Fox to plead her sacred rights;  
 She hopes, in the PALLADIUM of *his* mind,  
 For safety from the refuse of mankind;  
 Woos him his less ambition to forego;  
 And pour his greater on the common foe;  
 To grasp, in friendship, ENGLAND's whole expanse;  
 To feel nought hostile to his peace but FRANCE;  
 His BRITISH brother-lion proud to join;  
 And add new lustre to the fearless line:

She

She woos him still to earn more high renown ;  
More vivid foliage for the patriot's crown.

Sage policy ! how powerful is it's plan !  
To his last excellence it brightens man !  
It's complex operations steal along ;  
In silence, active ; in gradation, strong ;  
For ever verging to their parent-goal ;  
Their god-like aim ; the welfare of the whole !

Ye stupid atheists ! moves this fine machine  
In *your* tumultuous, sanguinary scene ?  
Make *you* it's laws your knowledge, or your care ?  
Murderers of all that's good, and wise, and fair !

Your nation with the farce of kingly power  
At first you mocked ; poor phantom of an hour !  
No proper pressure to that King you gave,  
In the state's weight ;—a mere conspicuous slave !  
Statesmen, unparalleled through every age !  
Shall all your crudities disgrace my page ?

- Councils; conventions; and assemblies loud;  
 Each, a mechanick, upstart, bawling crowd;  
 Directories, more grave, and famous far;  
 Great in their nervous arguments for war!  
 Let me but skim these monsters in my strains;  
 The shapeless progeny of moon-struck brains.  
 No railing, this; men of discerning eye  
 Blunders in all your plans at once descry;  
 You work on no strong base; your fabricks all,  
 As soon as reared, are tottering to their fall;  
 Soon (for no part supports; no part coheres)  
 They sink, and crash, and thunder round your ears.

From all the practice of your motley sway,  
 Your *civil* justice bears the palm away.  
 When *honest* lawyers, whom all tyrants hate,  
 Pled for their clients, doomed to lawless fate;  
 When by *your* orders; by *your* forms they pled;  
 Anticipating vengeance marked them dead;  
 Your justice, like your axe, a mere machine;  
 And both were sentenced to the guillotine!

But now their genius finds a stranger mode ;  
 Their penal statutes take a longer road.  
 Now, with the Deity these judges vie ;  
 Now, with intuitive, omniscient eye,  
 They see the traitor ;—in ethereal minds,  
 A dull, cold process no admission finds ;  
 Power self-derived ; power self-informed commands ;  
 And off he sails to AFRIC's burning sands.  
 This is MOROCCO's comprehensive plan ;—  
 —A model of the ALGERINE divan.  
 These men have promised, on some genial day,  
 To cheer our darkened isle with Freedom's ray ;  
 Transcendent merit passed our own to make ;  
 And spare our nation for their NEWTON's sake.  
 Oh ! hallowed, long ; oh ! venerable name !  
 Art thou dishonoured by injurious fame !  
 Thy name should strike those fiends with silent awe ;  
 Saint of Religion's ; priest of Nature's law !  
 Yet to these wretches must we go to school,  
 To learn to flourish under equal rule !  
 Need I say more ?—If more I had to say,  
 My ENGLISH feelings would impede it's way !

Let

Let these incentives, Fox, have all their force ;  
 And shape, magnanimous, by *them*, thy course :  
 Give ill-timed \* opposition to the wind ;  
 And leave all party-spirit far behind.  
 Who would not act what millions will approve ?  
 What gains it's author universal love ?  
 Who would not, with ambition fraught, aspire  
 To conduct which the coldest hearts admire ?  
 Think of the summit of immortal fame ;  
 And think of each illustrious ENGLISH name !  
 Perhaps, of BRITAIN some departed friend,  
 At times ; may, now, thy silent thoughts attend ;  
 Suggest that when the brightest glory calls,  
 In the great soul, self-love defeated, falls ;

\* An unfair, or superficial reasoner may tell me, that Mr. Fox has relinquished opposition to the Minister, by seceding from Parliament. To *this* I reply, that we may be industrious to defeat a rival in many ways besides that of immediate, personal contest ;—that *negative* often operate more powerfully than *positive* hostilities ;—that they should never be adopted by *great* minds, because they are the common warfare of the *meanest* ;—and that as I highly respect Mr. Fox, I can never reflect on his retreat from his senatorial station, at *this* time, without pain.

That such a foul, clogged with no gross allay,  
 Wings it's direct, and elevated way !  
 Let \* HAMDEN's whisper prompt the generous deed ;  
 Let SYDNEY's hint illumine Virtue's meed ;  
 And let not RUSSEL's aspect tinge thy dreams  
 With clouds of sorrow, but with heavenly gleams !

By minds of no deep thought, we all have heard  
 A proposition hastily averred ;  
 That as the postdiluvian race of men  
 Sink to the grave, at threescore years and ten ;  
 Rise, flourish, and decay ; then yield their breath ;  
 Such is of empires, too, the life, and death :  
 They, in their infancy, and youth, proceed,  
 With every arduous ; every glorious deed :  
 Matured, with great, and rival states, they vie :—  
 Commerce, and luxury spread ; they droop ; they die.

\* If CHARLES the First was a tyrant (though I believe that he never meant to be a tyrant) we now have thousands of tyrants to oppose.

This

This doctrine will not bear the test of truth;  
 A state may hold interminable youth;  
 That state, unlimited in age mature,  
 Against the worst events may prove secure:  
 Frail man is made of one compacted frame;  
 And soon the grave must have its awful claim:  
 But empires long may ward *their* fatal date;  
 Long may succeeding lives protract *their* fate.  
 Think what depends on *one* illustrious life:  
 Think how the THEBAN, with his martial strife;  
 With all his virtues, all his talents, blessed;  
 Sprung, like an eagle, for his THEBES distressed;  
 Like Jove's own lightning, darted on his prey;  
 And GREECE's palm-imperial bore away!  
 But when divine EPAMINONDAS died,  
 His matchless worth no equal chief supplied;  
 Withered, at once, was all his country's bloom;  
 And THEBES, and HE, were buried in one tomb.  
 Great orators will die; great heroes bleed;  
 New heroes, and new orators succeed;  
 Apparent ruin at mankind is hurled;  
 Some ATLAS rises, and he props the world!

So,

So, PITTS, and FOXES, strong in virtuous will,  
 The spheres of our best ancestors may fill ;  
 May join the factious to their country's friends ;  
 And as the social mass harmonious blends,  
 May breathe a flame impetuous through the whole ;  
 And make a people, one, all-conquering soul.  
 Then, by the pressing evils of the times ;  
 Their indolence ; corruption ; luxury ; crimes ;  
 Slightly the purer passion is annoyed ;  
 By *it's* afflatus is the nation buoyed ;  
 It's heat these noxious vapours clears away ;  
 As clouds disperse before the god of day.

Thus the Creator ; thus the Lord of all,  
 Impresses, ever, and preserves our ball ;  
 \* Works plastick nature, through her varied range ;  
 And stimulates her powers, at every change ;  
 Bids them their acts essential still maintain ;  
 And deluges, and earthquakes rage in vain.

\* Mens agitat molem ; et toto se corpore miscet.—VIRGIL.



Mute be the croaking prophets of the day ;  
 Creating danger ; raising vain dismay,  
 Whene'er a speck of publick ill appears ;—  
 FRENCH, in their hopes ; or *female*, in their fears !

As on it's solid base our empire stands ;  
 And all it's forces \* unimpaired commands ;  
 Let us, if we peruse grave history's page,  
 To dignify this world's inferior stage,  
 Adopt examples from a better age. }  
 While yet unshaken, let us learn from ROME  
 Of ancient fame, to spurn a servile doom ;  
 Or should our sea-girt isle *her* danger share ;  
*Her* let us emulate, and spurn despair.  
 True to itself, the greatly conscious soul  
 No petty smiles, nor petty frowns controul ;  
 When the worst ills assail, it's conflicts rise ;  
 From firmness, and the justice of the skies,

\* I here anticipate the cavil, and the puny triumph of democratical ignorance. So long as any state can provide the necessary supplies of war, and, at the same time, preserve it's national health, and vigour; *the forces of that state are unimpaired.*

It still anticipates complete relief,  
In all the majesty of ROMAN grief.

When dreadful ANNIBAL; stupendous foe!  
Fearless of ALPINE heights; of ALPINE snow;  
Those heights had passed; he poured, along the  
    plains,  
A furious tide of war on ROME's domains!  
Genius; the love of fame; of ROME the hate,  
Wrought all the splendour of this hero's fate;  
No bounds to glorious deeds hath heaven assigned,  
When three such powerful engines move the mind.  
First at TICINUM were his rapid arms  
Victorious; and through LATIUM spread alarms;  
The frightened river rolled a purple flood;  
Great Po, with horror, felt the generous blood.  
Still AFRIC's lion the proud eagle tore;  
And TREBIA's stream was red with ROMAN gore.

Almost with filial grief the classic muse  
The lake, the hills of TRASIMENUS views!

PATAVIUM's glory; how *thy* page divine  
 Makes ROMAN valour in misfortune shine!  
 Nature, with squalid mien, predicts the fray;  
 She sends a gloomy, dank, and weeping day;  
 The realms of ITALY with earthquakes reel;  
 Which all but the contending armies feel;  
 Divine, and human rage, at once, are hurled;  
 And JOVE, and ANNIBAL divide the world.  
 Sickly, through Nature's horrors, gleams the sun;  
 Carnage completes the scene which *they* begun.

Of common minds the fortitude is less,  
 As deeper swells the climax of distress;  
 Not so the ROMANS; even to CANNÆ's field  
 Their unsubmitting spirit scorned to yield.  
 A heavier chain of woes can history tell?—  
 —At CANNÆ fifty thousand Romans fell!  
 The rapid AUFIDUS was near the plain;  
 The melancholy tidings of the slain  
 He rolled, in blood PATRICIAN, to the main!  
 How imminent was, now, the ROMAN doom!  
 The conquerour, but an easy march from ROME!

And what a conquérour! say, can history show  
 So great a people matched with such a foe?  
 Curse on *my* lays, if ever they refuse  
 Praise to the man who shades my favourite views;  
 In whom the world admires the real charms  
 Of genius, or in letters, or in arms;  
 If, though conspicuous gallantry prevail,  
 I tell DE WINTER's cold, DUTCH, envious tale!  
 But the FRENCH CORSICAN will FRANCE oppose,  
 Though wild her gasconading rhetorick flows,  
 With feeble modern ITALY o'errun;  
 Nay, with his trophies even from AUSTRIA won;—  
 —Will she oppose him to AMILCAR's son?

Let me, with ardour, following glory's call,  
 View ROME's consummate greatness in her fall.  
 When from his favourites JOVE awhile withdrew;  
 And turned to CARTHAGE, with propitious view;  
 Evils oppressed; but still the ROMAN rose;  
 Humane, in triumphs, and august, in woes:  
 When CANNÆ's field to fresh alarms gave birth;  
 And shook those energies that shook the earth;

When

When plans were offered, in a warm debate,  
 Unequal to the high decrees of fate;  
 To court renown, like sons of ROME, no more;  
 To breathe ignobly, on some foreign shore;  
 The youthful \* SCIPIO drew his flaming sword;  
 Worthy companion of each fiery word!  
 The destined favour of his country swore  
 By JOVE, who had protected ROME before,  
 That all who heard him should resist the foe;  
 That valour still might ward the fatal blow;  
 That strength, and honour were reserved for ROME,  
 Of long duration; of perpetual bloom:  
 " If one man here shrinks from his country's good,  
 " My vengeful blade shall seek the dastard's blood!"  
 His oath with patriot hearts his audience feel;  
 Awed less by ANNIBAL's than SCIPIO's steel.

But not alone thus acted SCIPIO's soul;  
 The same intrepid thoughts inspired the whole.

\* See Note A, at the end.

When \* VARRO to the capital returned;  
 Whose valour had with warmth destructive burned;  
 All orders in procession met the chief;  
 Eager to pour into his mind relief;  
 Thanked him for bravely bearing Fate's harsh doom;  
 "For not despairing of imperial ROME!"  
 What was the consequence?—ROME's empire rose  
 On the vast ruins of her PUNIC foes;  
 Great deeds achieved; and greater still designed;  
 For pressure but new-springs the generous mind;  
 As gold by VULCAN's torture is refined.

Even in the fiercest war is BRITAIN blessed;  
 With no destructive ravages distressed;  
 Even now her sons are not compelled to cease  
 The sweet employments, and the joys of peace:  
 Environed with tranquillity, the swain  
 Rears the new hay; and reaps the golden grain;  
 Commerce with usual vigour spreads her sails;  
 And ENGLAND's fortune sends auspicious gales:

\* See Note B, at the end.

From human bliss no sounds discordant jar,  
 But Faction's clamour, with it's wordy war.  
 What most we value; property; law; life;  
 From all the horrors of the martial strife,  
 Nature, and man, alike, with *us* defend;  
 —Their generous efforts let us all befriend.  
 No BUONAPARTES in our isle shall rage;  
 No dreadful PUNIC war have *we* to wage;  
 The god of ocean ever guards *our* shore;  
*His* waves, and *our* victorious cannon roar;  
 Still we possess our old internal powers;  
 And ENGLISH wealth, and hearts, and hands are *ours*.

Then, let each honest man dismiss his fears;  
 Let every timorous woman dry her tears:  
 And *you*, domestick enemies, who spread,  
 With souls malignant, artificial dread;  
 Let phantoms court you to some foreign strand;  
 And quit, too good for *you*, your native land.

When FRANCE imperial dignity maintained;  
 When LOUIS' fortune, and her COLBERT reigned;

When

When female charms, and female wit inspired;  
 And all that splendour with their ether fired;  
 Her threats; her force, if we could *then* disdain;  
 Of FRANCE *degenerate* shall we bear the chain?  
 Shall *we*, to ENGLISH *fame* no longer true,  
 Stoop to a vile, marauding, ruffian crew?  
 Shall ENGLISH talents their protection owe  
 To DE LA CROIX; to MONGE, and to LEPAUX?  
 Shall GALLIA's hireling chief *these* realms command;  
 Dissolve our senate, and \* divide our land?  
 Is any price enormous that we pay  
 To quell the tempest of chaotick sway?

\* Their civil, are analogous to their penal laws. BUONAPARTE who is a general, affects to be a statesman, too, without a particle of political knowledge; indeed, all that he writes, is in the peremptory, ostentatious, empty manner of that nation of which he has the honour to be the first lawless MYRMIDON. He advises his LIGURIAN republick to divide their state into ten military departments; each of them is to be commanded by an officer of the line: by this institution, adds the SOLON of FRANCE, you will be sure of an accurate administration of justice. I hope that this CORSICAN DRACO will never have it in his power to establish his simple, concise, and salutary code, in ENGLAND.

No;



No;—if, at ease we draw not BRITISH breath;  
We'll court a glorious poverty, or death.

There are incentives in the roll of fate;  
Which, in collision with a mighty state,  
Would so strike fire;—such talents would shoot forth;  
Such emulation; such exerted worth;  
That were it's constitution in decline;  
With all it's ancient lustre it would shine.  
My COUNTRY! justly every BRITON's pride;  
Where FREEDOM still is anxious to reside;  
Because, constrained from other lands to flee,  
She found her walls of adamant in thee!  
Great patroness of man's eternal cause;  
His mild religion, and his equal laws!  
From distant ages Providence's care;  
Parent of gallant sons, and daughters fair!  
Where, in the cultivated rural scene,  
CERES, and FLORA wear their brightest mien!  
And where, in social elegance are joined  
The charms of person, and the charms of mind;

Of sage philosophers a numerous train ;  
 Of men most powerful in poetick strain !  
 Should human excellence our search engage,  
 In recollecting down, from age to age ;  
 While memory travels, too, from pole to pole ;  
 The first achievements of the human soul,  
 Great Queen of Islands, we shall find in thee ;  
 Divine at land, and terrible at sea !  
 Since EUROPE, now, her arbitress reveres ;  
 And looks to thee, with mingled hopes, and fears ;  
 Of all the deeds that BRITISH annals praise,  
 From virtuous ALFRED'S down to GEORGE'S days ;  
 When thou must act the most distinguished part ;  
 When all thy glories press upon my heart ;  
 When with emphatick voice thy honour calls ;  
 Accept the verse that flows ; the tear that falls !

Sons of the men, whom times remoter saw  
 Their conquering swords against oppression draw ;  
 With hearts elate, and steady march advance,  
 To the pale lilies of their trembling FRANCE ;

Of

Oft taught to bleed ; but never taught to fly ;  
 Resolve, once more, to conquer, or to die !  
 Oh ! give not peerless beauty ; strongest mind,  
 To the declared assassins of mankind !  
 Make no mean peace with monsters that retain  
 Nought faithful ; nought religious ; nought humane :  
 Against our universe *their* threats are hurled ;  
 Defend yourselves ; and you defend the world !

Never desert the man who rules our helm ;  
 Whom furious surges cannot overwhelm :  
 Resolved, while trusted with BRITANNIA'S weal,  
 For *this*, alone, to think ; for *this*, to feel ;  
 This, the great source, and end of all his cares ;  
 And still, intrepid, to this point he bears.  
 Revered example more inflames the son,  
 To earn such honours as his father won ;  
 Who, haply darts a fond, paternal eye,  
 Sent, with a smile approving, from the sky !

For *me* ; while in calm solitude I view  
 Thee, to thyself, on every trial, true ;

To ENGLAND true ; I feel ; or seem to feel,  
 Through all my frame the fine contagion steal ;  
 I feel the natural, ardent passion rise,  
 To gain my country's praise ; the poet's prize ;  
 Next, kindling Fancy views the threatened storm ;  
 Then fired by thee, a bolder wish I form ;  
 By thy commanding genius borne along,  
 To act, in conduct, what I praise, in song !

Still magnanimity and candour join ;  
 Then surely both the properties are thine :  
 Let not that magnanimity refuse  
 The grateful verse of an ingenuous muse ;  
 " Who shades thy" high, meridian " walk with  
     bays ;"  
 " No hireling, she ; no prostitute to praise ;"  
 " Through" Faction's fog " one truly great can  
     see ;"  
 Worthy to rouse the brave ; and guide the free.

O! THOU! at whose benign, all-powerful call,  
 Up sprung, from chaos, our stupendous ball ;

And

And who, from tumult, fill, of field, or flood,  
 From present ill educest greater good;  
 Propitious, hear thy humble suppliant's prayer;  
 Is not thy creature his CREATOR's care!  
 Sufficient influence of thy Spirit give;  
 That in the little space I now can live,  
 Each hour I may respect; and thus atone  
 For all my wrongs from others; and my own!  
 Oh! let my common, meaner wants, be few;  
 My mental treasures, various, rich, and new;  
 Then shall my nature for itself suffice;  
 Perpetual flux, and reflux of supplies:  
 Old years in renovated youth shall roll;  
 Well strung my nerves of body, and of soul.  
 Temperance my system will exalt, at home;  
 A wanderer, abroad I need not roam;  
 Of a precarious world my life the sport;  
 Tossed on the waves of caprice for support!

AS INDEPENDENCE, even unarmed with power,  
 Speaks, writes the truth; whatever dangers lower;

Snares to it's weal as foes in ambush lay;  
 And poor, pretended Friendship sneaks away;  
 Teach me, by virtuous discipline, to find  
 A comprehensive kingdom, in my \* mind;  
 There, with serene, yet with despotick reign,  
 To guard the small, but well-improved domain!

Concentered, then, with more effectual force,  
 My faculties will hold their destined course;  
 Will execute their duties here below;  
 To all *thy* foes, an active, ardent foe:  
 But mounting above Nature's works, they'll flee,  
 Still with the greatest energy, to THEE!

And as the raptures of the poet rise  
 Above the † pleasures of the good, and wise;

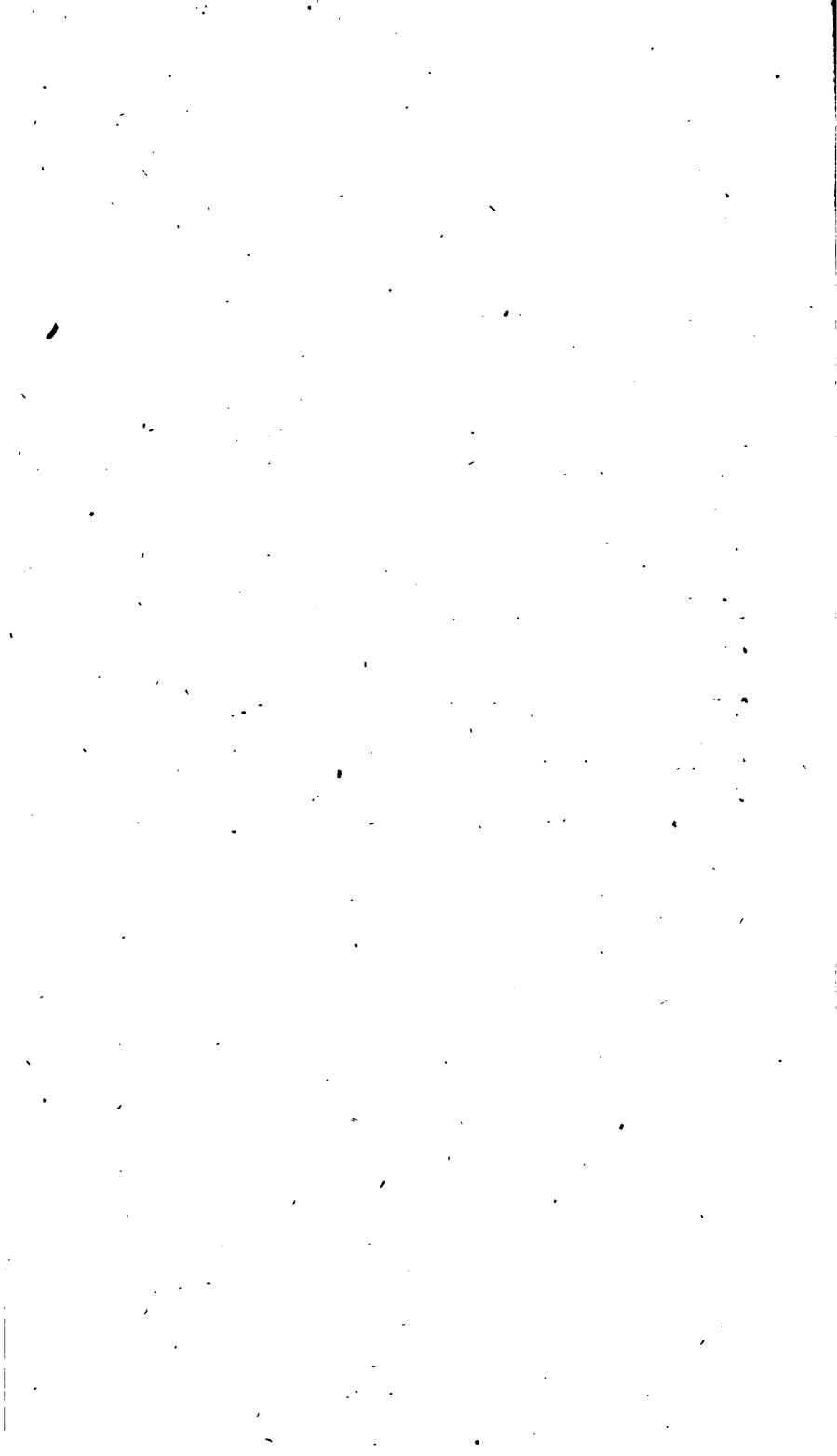
\* In proportion as a *created being*, in *any* mode of it's existing, or acting, resembles the SUPREME BEING; (though, at the best, in an insignificant *comparative* degree,) the general happiness of that being is augmented. Now, the Supreme Being is pure mind; he is all, MIND.

† Here I refer to the immediate degree of impulse and impression. God forbid, that I should insinuate that, in the amount of life, it is better to be a poet than a truly wise, and virtuous man.

Good-

Goodness, and wisdom, too, as *he* can teach  
 With greater emphasis than SHERLOCKS preach;  
 Let poetry still bless thy suppliant's views ;—  
 It's beauteous images; it's vivid hues;  
 It's fire celestial; all-sufficient store!  
 Kings; emperours; none but THOU, can give us  
     more !

And while the grosser lumps of mortals lie,  
 (A living death!) in EPICURUS' sty;  
 To ruin's gloom while meteors draw the vain;  
 While Avarice petrifies *her* shivering train;  
 Grant *me*, with pure, and strong PARNASSIAN ray,  
 To float, and wanton, in the blaze of day !





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## NOTES.

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NOTE A; *referring to a Passage in Page 47.*

**AFTER** the defeat at CANNÆ, some ROMANS of distinguished rank fled to CANUSIUM. The famous SCIPIO, then a youth, was of the number. While he, and some of his friends were consulting there, in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe, PUBLIUS PHILUS came, and told them, that "their consultation was superfluous; that  
"the commonwealth was irrecoverably ruined; and that  
"METELLUS, with others of the young nobility, had determined to sail from ITALY, and to seek the protection of some  
"powerful king."—Quod malum (the passage well deserves to be quoted) præterquam quod atrox, super tot clâdes etiam novum, cum stupore, ac miraculo, torpidos defixisset; et qui aderant, concilium advocandum de eo censerent: negat concilii rem esse SCIPIO, juvenis fatalis dux hujusce belli:  
"audendum, atque agendum; non consultandum," ait,  
"in tanto malo esse; irent secum, extemplo, armati, qui rem publicam salvam vellent: nunquam verius quam ubi ea  
"cogitentur, hostium castra esse."—Pergit deinde, ire, sequentibus paucis, in hospitium METELLI; et quum concilium

cilium ibi juvenum, de quibus allatum erat, invenisset; stricto super capita consultantium gladio;—"Ex mei animi sententiâ," inquit, "juro, ut ego rempublicam non deferam; nec alium civem ROMANUM deferere patiar. Si sciens fallo, tum *me* JUPITER OPTIME MAXIME; domum, familiam, remque meam, pessimo leto afficias! In hæc verba L. CÆCILI, jures postulo, cæterique qui adestis: qui non juraverit, in se hunc gladium strictum esse sciat."—Haud secus pavidum quam si victorem ANNIBALEM cernerent, jurant omnes; custodiendosque semetipsos contra ANNIBALEM SCIPIONI tradunt.—LIVY, Lib. XXII. Sect. 53.

"This new, and great calamity, immediately succeeding so many dreadful misfortunes, struck those who heard it, with astonishment; and with aggravated mortification. They proposed that a council should be called, to deliberate, and resolve, on this intelligence. SCIPIO, the young hero, who was destined to be the leader of this war, replied, that it was absurd to talk of deliberating.—'In a situation like this,' added he, 'we must not indolently consult; we must dare, and we must act. Let those who are interested in the welfare of the republic, follow *me*, with their arms: the place where such ignoble determinations are formed, is the camp of the enemy.'—Accompanied by a few, he went immediately to the lodgings of METELLUS. He there found the young men of whose intention he had been informed, planning their voyage. He drew his sword; raised it in a menacing manner; and thus addressed them:

"I swear,

“ I swear, from the most fervent sentiments of my soul, that  
 “ I will never desert the republick ; nor suffer any ROMAN  
 “ citizen to desert her. If I consciously deviate from what I  
 “ swear, mayest thou, O ! just, and omnipotent JUPITER,  
 “ destroy *me* ; my house ; my family ; and all that I possess,  
 “ with a terrible, and exemplary ruin. I insist that *you*,  
 “ METELLUS, and that your friends who are with you,  
 “ shall take this oath. This sword is drawn on the man who  
 “ refuses to take it.—Not less awed than if they had seen  
 “ the victorious CARTHAGINIAN, they all swore ; and sur-  
 “ rendered themselves to the custody of SCIPIO ; to fight  
 “ against ANNIBAL.”

The eloquence, and the firmness of Mr. PITT, devoted  
 to the most glorious cause that can animate the mind of man,  
 should have the powerful influence of the sword of SCIPIO ;  
 it should transmute fear into courage ; and democratical viru-  
 lence into constitutional loyalty.



NOTE B, *referring to a Passage in Page 48.*

WE are told by the first of historians, whose dignity of  
 genius was worthy to write the annals of his country, that  
 immediately after the battle of CANNÆ, most of the ITA-  
 LIAN states ; the GRECIAN colonies who had settled in  
 ITALY ; and CISALPINE GAUL, deserted to the CARTHA-  
 GINIANS.—*Neq tamen hæ clades, defectionesque sociorum,*

moverunt ut pacis unquam mentio apud ROMANOS fieret; neque ante consulis ROMANI adventum, nec postquam is rediit, renovavitque memoriam acceptæ cladis. Quo in tempore ipso, adeo magno animo civitas fuit, ut consuli ex tantâ clade, cujus ipse magna causa fuisset, redeunti, et obviam itum frequenter ab omnibus ordinibus sit; et gratiæ actæ, quod de republicâ non desperasset: cui, si CARTHAGINIENSIVM ductor fuisset, nihil recusandum supplicij foret.—LIVY, Lib. XXII. Sect. 61.

“ But neither the great victories of the enemy, nor the  
 “ numerous defections of our allies ever extorted from the  
 “ ROMANS the slightest mention of peace: it was not men-  
 “ tioned before the return of the consul; nor after his return  
 “ had renewed the image of our calamity. ROME was ever  
 “ animated with so great a publick soul, that her citizens, of  
 “ all ranks, went out, in crowds, to meet a consul, returning  
 “ from a most humiliating defeat, of which he himself had  
 “ been the principal cause: and to that consul they gave their  
 “ thanks; *because he had not despaired of the commonwealth.*  
 “ With such honours they received this unfortunate general;  
 “ who, if he had been a CARTHAGINIAN commander,  
 “ must have anticipated an ignominious, and cruel death.”

ENGLAND was far from being reduced to the condition of ROME, when she repeatedly sent a plenipotentiary to FRANCE, Our minister must have known what was obvious to common sense; that we could expect no pacifick terms, in any degree,  
 reason-